# THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE *SECOND BOOK* OF HORACE,

Imitated in a DIALOGUE between

ALEXANDER POPE, of *Twickenham in Com. Midd.* Esq; on the one Part, and his LEARNED COUNCIL on the other.

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*Scilicet Uni Æquus Virtuti atq; ejus Amicis.* HORAT.

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*LONDON:* Printed.

*DUBLIN,*

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THE

# FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

# HORACE

Imitated in a Dialogue between



LONDON:

DUBLIN.

# Q. HORATII FLACCI

# SERMONUM

## LIBRI SECUNDI,

## SATIRA PRIMA.

# QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

# SERMONUM
## LIBER SECUNDUS.

## SATIRA PRIMA.

### *HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.*

HOR. [a] *SUNT quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
*Legem tendere opus; [b] sine nervis altera quicquid*
*Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum*
*Mille die verſus* deduci *poſſe.* [c] *Trebati!*
*Quid faciam?* Præſcribe.

TREB.

# THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

*P.* THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[a] There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to wiſe *Peter* complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of *Chartres* much too rough.
[b] The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord * *Fanny* ſpins a thouſand ſuch a Day.
Tim'rous by Nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law.
You'll give me, like a Friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee. *L.*

* Lord *H*———y.

TREB. [d] *Quiescas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*
*Omnino versus?*

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non*
*Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.*

TREB. [f] *Ter uncti*
*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,*
*Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habente.*

[g] *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere,* [h] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
*Deficiunt; [i] neque enim quivis* horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
*Aut* labentis equo *describat vulnera Parthi.*

TREB. [k] *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,*
*Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.*

HOR.

*L.* [d] I'd write no more.

*P.* Not write! but then I *think*,
[e] And for my Soul I cannot ſleep a wink,
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Fools ruſh into my Head, and ſo I write.

*L.* You could not do a worſe thing for your Life.
Why, if the Nights ſeem tedious——take a Wife;
[f] Or rather truly, if your Point be Reſt,
Lettuce and Cowſlip Wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with *Celſus*, *Celſus* may adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your Eyes.
[g] Or if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe:
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

*P.* What? like Sir [i] *Richard*, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the Verſe?
Or nobly wild, with *Budgell*'s Fire and Force,
Paint Angels trembling round his *falling Horſe*?

*L.* [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter Art diſplay,
Let *Carolina* ſmooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with *Amelia*'s liquid Name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

*P.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*
*Cum res ipſa feret.* l *Niſi* dextro tempore *Flacci*
*Verba per attentam non ibunt* Cæſaris *aurem;*
*Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

TREB. m *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*
*Pantolabum Scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?*
n *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, & odit.*

HOR. o *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto*
*Acceſſit fervor capiti numeruſque lucernis.*
P *Caſtor gaudet equis;* ovo prognatus eodem
*Pugnis; quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum*
*Millia:* q *me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*
*Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.*
*Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim*

Cre-

*P.* [l] Alas! few Verſes touch their nicer Ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a Year:
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's Lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

*L.* [m] Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all *Taſte*, blaſpheme *Quadrille*,
Abuſe the City's beſt good Men in Metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their Truſt in *Peter*.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

*P.* What ſhould ail 'em?

*L.* A hundred ſmart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
*Bond* is but one, but *Harpax* is a Score.

*P.* [o] Each Mortal has his Pleaſure: None deny
*Scarſdale* his Bottle, *D——ty* his Ham-Pye;
*Ridotta* ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;
[p] —— loves the *Senate*, *Hockley-Hole* his Brother;
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[q] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne*.

*Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam*

*Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis*

*Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella*

*Vita senis. Sequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*

*[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,*

*Missus ad hoc pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;*

*Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,*

*[s] Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania Bellum*

*Incuteret violenta.]*

*[t] Sed hic stylus haud petit ultrò*

*Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis*

*Vagina tectus, quem cur distringere coner,*

*[v] Tutus ab infestis latronibus? [w] O Pater & Rex*

*Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,*

Nec

In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a Thought within;
In me what Spots [ for Spots I have ] appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my Foes, my Friends;
Publiſh the preſent Age, but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My Foes ſhall wiſh my Life a longer Date,
And ev'ry Friend the leſs lament my Fate.

My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,
Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good *Eraſmus* in an honeſt Mean,
In Moderation placing all my Glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory,

Satire's my Weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a Muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a Land of Hectors,
Theives, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our *Army!* and let *Jove* incruſt
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlaſting Ruſt!

*Nec quiſquam noceat* [x] *cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*
*Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)*
*Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.*

[x] *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*
*Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, Venenum;*
*Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes;*
[a] *Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque*
*Imperet hoc natura potens; ſic collige mecum.*
*Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde niſi intus*
*Monſtratum?* [b] *Scæva vivacem credi nepoti*
*Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum*
*Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)*
*Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.*

[c] *Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus*
*Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;*

*Divus,*

x Peace is my dear Delight —— not *Fleury*'s more;
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Who-e'er offends, at ſome unlucky Time
y Slides into Verſe, and hitches in a Rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule! his whole Life long,
And the ſad Burthen of ſome merry Song.

z Slander or Poyſon, dread from *Delia*'s Rage,
Hard Words or Hanging, if your J—ge be P——
From furious *Sappho* yet a ſadder Fate,
P——x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate:
a Its proper pow'r to hurt, each Creature feels.
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug;
b So drink with *Waters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.

c Then learned Sir! [to cut the Matter ſhort]
What-e'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old Age, with faint, but chearful Ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black Wing already be diſplay'd
To wrap me in the Univerſal Shade;

Whether

*Dives, inops, Romæ ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,*
d *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*

TREB. e *O puer, ut ſis*
*Vitalis, metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus*
*Frigore te feriat.*

HOR. f *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*
*Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,*
g Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quiſque per ora*
*Cederet*, introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
*Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,*
*Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo deluere Metello,*
*Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui*
Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;

*Scilicet*

Whether the darken'd Room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skew'r to write,
In Durance, Exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[d] Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will Rhyme and Print.

*L.* [e] Alas young Man! your Days can ne'er be long,
In Flow'r of Age you periſh for a Song!
Plums, and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your Life!

*P.* [f] What? arm'd for *Vertue* when I point the Pen.
Brand the bold Front of ſhameleſs, guilty Men.
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can that be wanting to defend Her Cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh in honeſt Strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis'* Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage?
And I not [g] ſtrip the Gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, un-penſion'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?

I will

*Scilicet* [h] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUÆ EJUS AMICIS.

[i] *Quin ubi se a* Vulgo *&* Scena, *in* Secreta *remorant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, *&* *mitis* Sapientia Læli;
*Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec*
*Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

——— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*
*Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me*
[k] *Cum* magnis vixisse *invita fatebitur usque*
*Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,*
Offendet solido; — — —

*Nisi*

I will, or periſh in the gen'rous Cauſe.
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
h To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, a FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant Din that World can keep.
Rolls o'er my *Grotto*, and but ſooths my Sleep.
i There, my Retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs, out of War, and Stateſmen, out of Place.
There * *St. John* mingles with my friendly Bowl,
The Feaſt of Reaſon, and the Flow of Soul:
And † He, whoſe Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,
Now, forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn Plain,
Almoſt as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.

k *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleaſure, and no Spy of State,
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread Friendſhips, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;



l *Niſi*

* L. B——ke. † E. of P—rb—gh.

——— [l] *Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,
*Diſſentis.*

TREB. [m] *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*
*Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti*
*Incutiat tibi ſanctarum inſcitia legum.*

[n] " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina jus eſt
Judiciumque."

HOR. *Eſto, ſiquis* [o] mala; *ſed* bona *ſiquis*
*Judice condiderit laudatur* CAESARE: *ſiquis*
*Opprobrijs dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe,*
[p] *Solventur riſu tabulæ; tu miſſus abibis.*

# FINIS.

This is my Plea, on this I reſt my Cauſe——
[l] What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?

*L.* [m] Your Plea is good. But ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men——ſo have a care.
It ſtands on Record, that in ancient Times
A Man was hang'd for very honeſt Rhymes.
[n] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,
*Edwardi Sext.* or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels*, *Satires*——there you have it——read.

*P.* [o] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a *King* might read, a *Biſhop* write,
Such as Sir *Robert* would approve——

*L.* Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd——you may then proceed.
[p] In ſuch a Cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

*FINIS.*

FINIS.

## *DUBLIN, March 2, 1733.*

THE Writings of the Reverend Dr. J. S. D.S.P.D. were publiſhed ſix Years ago in *London*, in three Volumes, mingled with thoſe of ſome other Gentlemen his Friends. Neither is it eaſy to diſtinguiſh the Authors of ſeveral Pieces contained in them.

BUT, beſides thoſe three Volumes, there are ſeveral Treatiſes relating to *Ireland*, that were firſt publiſhed in this Kingdom, many of which are not contained in the *Drapier's Letters.*

IT hath been long wiſhed, by ſeveral Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction, that a new compleat Edition of this Author's Works, ſhould be printed by itſelf.

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THIS is therefore to give Notice, that the Undertaker, GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer, in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, propoſeth to publiſh, by Subſcription, all the Works that are generally allowed to have been written by the ſaid Dr. S. in four Volumes;

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IN this Edition, the groſs Errors committed by the Printers, both here and in *London*, ſhall be faithfully corrected; the true Original, in the Author's own Hand having been communicated to us by a Friend in whom the Author much confided, and who had Leave to correct his own printed Copies from the Author's moſt finiſhed Manuſcript, where ſeveral Changes were made, not only in the Style, but in other material Circumſtances.

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THE Author's Effigies curiouſly engraven by Mr. VERTUE, ſhall be prefixed to each Volume.

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